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ATHENS, AS IT NOW IS.

Written for the Monthly Repository and Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

WE are persuaded that a general and picturesque view of a city, which was the glory of ancient Greece, and the birthplace of the most distinguished orators, philosophers, and heroes of antiquity, cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers.

Athens, which is the capital of Livadia, is situated 100 miles south-east of Lacedemon, and 300 south-west by west of Constantinople—it contains a population of about ten thousand souls, and is surrounded by a wall, which, like many of its noble edifices, is considerably dilapidated. The environs of Athens are strikingly romantic and beautiful—indeed nature and art seem to have struggled for the mastery in the formation of this celebrated city. A traveller, (Mr. Turner,) who visited Athens in 1811, says—"Never shall I forget the sublimity of the scenery which surrounded me for those three hours. Trees and shrubs issuing as it were from the barren rock—precipices, whose tremendous depth I trembled to look at—mountains soaring to such a height that no human foot can ever have trod them. On all sides the streams from the heights were rolling down in cascades, while before us was one of the richest plains I have ever seen, entirely covered with flowers and the richest pasturage."

The approach by sea presents a spectacle astonishingly grand. It was viewed by Dr. Clarke and his companions with transports of the greatest joy. It was no sooner descried, than its lofty edifices, catching the sun's

rays, rendered the buildings in the Acropolis visible at the distance of fifteen miles. The reflected light gave them a white appearance. The Parthenon appeared first above a long chain of hills in the front. Presently, says Dr. Clarke, we saw the top of Mount Anchesmus, to the left of the temple, the whole being backed by a lofty mountainous ridge. As we drew near to the walls, we beheld the vast Cecropian citadel crowned with temples that originated in the veneration once paid to the memory of the illustrious dead, surrounded by objects telling the same theme of sepulchral grandeur, —now monuments of departed greatness, gradually mouldering in all the solemnity of ruin. The prodigious columns belonging to the ruins of Hadrian's Temple of Olympian Jove, appeared in full view between the citadel and the bed of the Ilissus—high upon our right rose the Acropolis, in the most impressive grandeur; an advanced part of the rock on the western side of it is the Hill of the Areopagus, where St. Paul preached to the Athenians, and here their most solemn tribunal was held. [See Monthly Repository, &c. vol. i. p. 216.] Beyond all appeared the beautiful Plain of Athens, bounded by Mount Hymettus. We proceeded, continues Dr. Clarke, in his account, towards the east, to ascend Mount Anchesmus, and to enjoy in one panoramic survey the glorious prospect presented from its summit, of all the antiquities and natural beauties of the Athenian plain. We ascended to the commanding eminence of the mount, once occupied by a temple of Anchesmian Jupiter—[this Pagan shrine has been succeeded by a small Christian sanctuary.] From the summit of this rock even the celebrated Wheeler could not write without emotion. Here, said he, a Democritus might sit and laugh at the pomps and vanities of the world, whose glories so soon vanish; or an Heraclitus, weep over its manifold misfortunes, and tell sad stories of its various changes.

The prospect embraces every object excepting only those upon the south-west side of the castle.

THE SABBATH BELL.

To all civilized nations—to all who revere the name of Him who fixed the stars—to all who stand in awe of the great Architect of nature and of ourselves, the Sabbath Bell has a grateful sound. It strikes a deep and awful call to every man of reflection. It invites the good and pure in heart to an holy converse with the Deity, and it warns the obstinate and depraved to pause, and turn, and be received. After the toils of the secular week, the morning Sabbath Bell tolls in the ear of a busy people, to rest from their labors, and enjoy the calm which the great Almighty hath ordained; it rings to all nature the tones of peace and good will to men.

The solemnities of our religion are variously observed, with equal value to man. On the Sabbath morning, in the country, when Providence is breathing its smiles upon the earth, it is refreshing to hear the call of the country Sabbath Bell; to join the devotional procession as it wends in silence to the House that is dedicated to the God of the Universe. There is a holy charm in contemplating their simple and unadorned attire—emblematical of the spotlessness of the spirit within—their meek and unaffected devotion, and the quiet concern of the soul in things that speak of its everlasting peace.

Nor in a populous city like ours, is the spectacle less solemn. After the turmoil of business and the fascination of the week, the Sabbath Bell calls the venerable and the great, the young, the gay and the beautiful, to remember Him who imparts his blessing to the just, and even to the unjust. The prosperous tradesman, and the opulent merchant, are called from their cares to devote a few hours to holy recreation.

They assemble in the holy house—all the diversified passions are lulled to rest—the business of the world is forgotten, and amidst the profound silence of the throng a voice proclaims, "The Lord is in his Holy Temple." Every heart and voice responds with conscious conviction, and hundreds unite in praise to the mighty Author

of their existence, and in humble supplications to the dread, yet still merciful Almighty.

The evening orisons in Spain are conducted with the utmost solemnity. A friend of ours has said, that the most solemn scene he ever beheld, was that of 4000 human beings on their knees in the Cathedral at Madrid, engaged in prayer. At the evening orison, however, when the bells toll the signal that the sun has departed to light up another world—suddenly every vehicle has stopped—every lip is mute, every tongue is hushed—and from a vast nation there ascends to heaven one united prayer to Him who arched the firmament—to Him who wove the rainbow—whose unseen yet awfully pervading spirit alike lights up the sunbeam in the morning, and walks upon the pinions of the midnight storm.

S. L.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—No. I.

BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS.

Written for the Monthly Repository, and Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

If war is ever justifiable it is when national vengeance is aroused to scorch the pirate in his den, and to liberate the captives who have long and hopelessly groaned beneath the iron cruelty of their bondage. War, *then*, is not the demon, pale with malice or flushed with avarice and ambition; it is the angel of justice, terrible and strong, yet righteous, in awarding the retributions which blood and tears have called down from the very throne of Mercy itself upon a pirate city.

We have before us the graphic details of Lord Exmouth's bombardment of Algiers in the summer of 1816—details, which, although penned by one who stood amid the cloud of battle and breasted the iron storm of the Algerine batteries, have only just been given to the public eye. We only give a sketch of the battle-scene in our own language; and, while we would not indulge in ourselves or promote in others a martial spirit, we will record the events, the spirit-stirring events of a few hours, as we would those of a capital execution, when stern justice had drawn together a vast multitude of criminals for the block and the gallows.

On Tuesday morning, August 27th, 1816, Algiers appeared to rise out of the waters like a fairy city before the English fleet, that had long struggled with contrary winds and calms. It appeared, at a distance, like a triangle—the base of which was formed by the heavy frowning batteries on the water-side, and the apex by the black outline of Fort Emperor, far up the mountain acclivity, hanging over the city like a portentous thunder-cloud. Between eight and nine o'clock in the morning Lord Exmouth sent in a flag of truce, offering certain terms, which, if acceded to, would avert the threatening storm, while the fleet, prepared for battle, proudly and slowly rode into the harbor. At fifty minutes past eleven the Queen Charlotte, Lord Exmouth's ship, telegraphed that the ships' companies would have time to go to dinner. Here many met for the last time on earth; they exchanged their friendly salutations, gave each other affectionate commissions to perform in the event of death—for well they knew that many must go to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns" if the flag of truce came back from an ineffectual mission.

At thirty minutes past one the Admiral annulled the truce, as no answer was deigned to his flag, and the signals of the Charlotte to the fleet were—*are you ready?* to which was returned the prompt response—*we are ready.* Up went the joyous flags, and, aided by a strong southern wind, the vessels of the fleet dropped into their stations under the very jaws of the batteries on the Mole. It was a moment of suspense. A shot might not be fired. The Dey might seize the last moment to succumb. The Queen Charlotte anchored within forty yards of the Mole-head batteries; the Leander, the Severn, the Glasgow, the Hebrus, the Superb, the Impregnable, the Albion, followed by others of less weight of metal and by the Dutch squadron under Vice Admiral Capellan severally took stations, and every eye was turned to the Queen Charlotte for signals. It was thirty minutes past two, and the thunder of a single gun came booming from the shore—the report of another followed—it was enough—Lord Exmouth was seen on the poop of the Charlotte waving

his hat—a thrilling pause succeeds—a vivid flash envelopes his ship and the roar of a thousand pieces of artillery succeeds. * * * *

When the sun was gilding the western hills and the shadows of evening deepening in the vallies, it was a glorious and resplendent sight from the bombarding squadron to see the Algerine frigates, cut loose from their moorings, drifting out into the harbor in a blaze of liquid flame, their yards and masts making the sign of the fiery cross. The hemisphere was one lurid mass of fire and smoke, broken at intervals by a tremendous explosion at the batteries, and a redder glare for a moment. The smoky outline of the city was stained with the flame of a thousand houses. The darkness came on the adjacent land and sea, but Algiers and the bay were bright with the fires of destruction. The shells from the fleet were projected into the city with a fearful precision, and the Congreve rockets described their rainbow arches of fire like passing meteors glaring athwart the dull eye of night.

But it was with no mock enemy that the British lion had to contend. The Impregnable, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Milne, suffered so severely that it became necessary to apprise Lord Exmouth of the state of the ship. More than two hundred officers and seamen, dead, dying and wounded encumbered her decks. The Granicus, sloop of war, took position almost between the Hebrus and the batteries, and, at every broadside of iron hail from the Hebrus, shuddered with the tremendous roar, and the concussion of the tortured air, until in mortal terror the captain sent on board begging that the Hebrus might stop her tremendous discharges and suffer the Granicus to face the battery single-handed. The Queen Charlotte battered the Mole-head into a vast heap of ruins. The thunder of the battle was terrible beyond conception. The voice of the cloud or the deep bellowings of the tempest would have been whispers in comparison. An explosion vessel, charged with one hundred and fifty barrels of powder, was sent close under the batteries and fired, and yet its earthquake voice was not even noticed by many on board the fleet. At ten o'clock at night the

enemies' fire seemed to die away all along the Mole batteries. The ammunition of the fleet was getting low—the men were falling asleep at their guns and all were so deaf that it was necessary to scream in their ears to make them comprehend an order—the Hebrus had fired away one hundred and ten barrels of powder and more than three thousand round shot—the city was as light as noonday with its own flames—and, as the work seemed pretty well accomplished, Lord Exmouth gave the glad order to cease firing and the ships drew off to refit.

A treaty of peace was the result of this tremendous half-day's work, by which Christian slavery was forever abolished in the Dey's dominions, and fifteen hundred miserable slaves, from nearly every christian country on earth, were restored to freedom at a cost of more than eight hundred killed and wounded in the bombarding fleet. Two transports were filled with those who were liberated from the cruel bondage of the Algerines. As they passed along the line of the British fleet their cheers were those of heart-rending gratitude. Tears flowed like rain down the cheeks of officers and seamen alike, when they saw those who had been rescued only by the thunder and the cloud and the flame of a terrible battle.

CABINET OF NATURE.

IMMENSE QUANTITY OF MATTER IN THE UNIVERSE;

Or, Illustrations of the Omnipotence of the Deity.

Omnipotence is that attribute of the Divine Being, by which he can accomplish every thing that does not imply a contradiction—however far it may transcend the comprehension of finite minds. By his power the vast system of universal nature was called from nothing into existence, and is continually supported, in all its movements, from age to age.—In elucidating this perfection of God, we might derive some striking illustrations from the records of his dispensations towards man, in the early ages of the world—when he overwhelmed the earth with the deluge, which covered the tops of the highest mountains, and swept the crowded population

of the ancient world into a watery grave—when he demolished Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities around them, with fire from heaven—when he slew all the first-born of Egypt, and turned their rivers into blood—when he divided the Red Sea, and the waters of Jordan before the tribes of Israel—when he made the earth open its jaws and swallow up Korah and all his company—and when he caused mount Sinai to smoke and tremble at his presence. But, these and similar events, however awful, astonishing, and worthy of remembrance, were only *transitory* exertions of divine power, and are not calculated, and were never intended, to impress the mind in so powerful a manner as those displays of Omnipotence which are exhibited in the ordinary movements of the material universe. We have no hesitation in asserting, that, with regard to this attribute of the Divinity, there is a more grand and impressive display in the Works of Nature, than in all the events recorded in the Sacred History. Nor ought this remark to be considered as throwing the least reflection on the fulness and sufficiency of the Scripture Revelation; for that revelation, as having a special reference to a *moral* economy, has for its object, to give a more particular display of the *moral* than of the *natural* perfections of God. The miracles to which we have now referred, and every other supernatural fact recorded in the Bible, were not intended so much to display the *plenitude* of the power of Deity, as to bear testimony to the Divine mission of particular messengers, and to confirm the truths they declared. It was not, for example, merely to display the energies of Almighty power, that the waters of the Red Sea were dried up before the thousands of Israel, but to give a solemn and striking attestation to all concerned, that the Most High God had taken this people under his peculiar protection—that he had appointed Moses as their leader and legislator—and that they were bound to receive and obey the statutes he delivered. The most appropriate and impressive illustrations of Omnipotence, are those which are taken from the *permanent* operations of Deity, which are visible every moment in the universe around us; or, in other words, those which are derived from a detail of the facts

which have been observed in the material world, respecting *magnitude* and *motion.*

In the first place, *the immense quantity of matter* contained in the universe, presents a most striking display of Almighty power.

In endeavoring to form a definite notion on this subject, the mind is bewildered in its conceptions, and is at a loss where to begin or to end its excursions. In order to form something approximating to a well-defined idea, we must pursue a train of thought commencing with those magnitudes which the mind can easily grasp, proceeding through all the intermediate gradations of magnitude, and fixing the attention on every portion of the chain till we arrive at the object or magnitude of which we wish to form a conception. We must endeavor, in the first place, to form a conception of the bulk of the world in which we dwell, which, though only a point in comparison of the whole material universe, is, in reality, a most astonishing magnitude, which the mind cannot grasp, without a laborious effort. We can form some definite idea of those protuberant masses we denominate *hills*, which rise above the surface of our plains; but were we transported to the mountainous scenery of Switzerland, to the stupendous range of the Andes in South America, or to the Himalayan mountains of India, where masses of earth and rocks, in every variety of shape, extend several hundreds of miles in different directions, and rear their projecting summits beyond the region of the clouds—we should find some difficulty in forming an adequate conception of the objects of our contemplation. For, (to use the words of one who had been a spectator of such scenes,) "Amidst the trackless regions of intense silence and solitude, we cannot contemplate, but with feelings of awe and admiration, the enormous masses of variegated matter which lie around, beneath, and above us. The mind labors, as it were, to form a definite idea of those objects of oppressive grandeur, and feels unable to grasp the august objects which compose the surrounding scene." But what are all these mountainous masses, however variegated and sublime, when compared with the bulk of the whole earth? Were they hurled from their bases, and preci-

pitated into the vast Pacific Ocean, they would all disappear in a moment, except perhaps a few projecting tops, which, like a number of small islands, might be seen rising a few fathoms above the surface of the waters.

The earth is a globe, whose diameter is nearly 8,000 miles, and its circumference about 25,000, and, consequently its surface contains nearly two hundred millions of square miles—a magnitude too great for the mind to take in at *one* conception. In order to form a tolerable conception of the whole, we must endeavor to take a leisurely survey of its different parts. Were we to take our station on the top of a mountain, of a moderate size, and survey the surrounding landscape, we should perceive an extent of view stretching 40 miles in every direction, forming a circle 80 miles in diameter, and 250 in circumference, and comprehending an area of 5,000 square miles. In such a situation, the terrestrial scene around and beneath us, consisting of hills and plains, towns and villages, rivers and lakes—would form one of the largest objects which the eye, or even the imagination, can steadily grasp at one time. But such an object, grand and extensive as it is, forms no more than the *forty thousandth part* of the terraqueous globe; so that before we can acquire an adequate conception of the magnitude of our own world, we must conceive 40,000 landscapes of a similar extent, to pass in review before us: and, were a scene, of the magnitude now stated, to pass before us every hour, till all the diversified scenery of the earth were brought under our view, and were twelve hours a-day allotted for the observation, it would require nine years and forty-eight days before the whole surface of the globe could be contemplated, even in this *general* and *rapid* manner. But, such a variety of successive landscapes passing before the eye, even although it were possible to be realized, would convey only a very vague and imperfect conception of the scenery of our world; for objects at the distance of forty miles cannot be distinctly perceived; the only view which would be satisfactory would be, that which is comprehended within the range of three or four miles from the spectator.

(To be continued.)

CIRCLE OF THE SCIENCES, WITH SUITABLE REFLECTIONS.

ASTRONOMICAL SKETCHES, NO. XI.—MARS, VENUS, &C.

Mars is the fourth planet in our system: his orbit is above the orbit of the Earth, at the distance of a hundred and fifty millions of miles from the Sun. His nearest distance from the Earth is about fifty-five millions of miles, and he shines with different degrees of lustre, according to his proximity to or distance from the Earth. He performs his periodical revolution in one year, three hundred and twenty-one days, twenty-three hours, thirty minutes, at the rate of fifty-six thousand miles an hour. His diurnal motion is completed in twenty-four hours, thirty-nine minutes, twenty-one seconds, of our time. Mars is of a dusky red, by which he is easily distinguished from Jupiter or any other of the planets. This appearance is attributed to the density of his atmosphere.

Mars moves round the Sun from west to east; and his motion, like the motion of the other planets, is sometimes direct, occasionally retrograde, and at other times he appears stationary. His daily motion is through thirty-one minutes, twenty-six seconds, thirty-eight thirds; and his annual motion is through six signs, eleven degrees, seventeen minutes, and nine seconds. He rises sometimes before the Sun, and is a morning star; and sets sometimes after him, and is an evening star.

Mars is the least planet of our system: his diameter does not exceed four thousand one hundred and eighty-nine miles, and *apparent* diameter, is only nine seconds, seven thirds, although, when in opposition to the Sun, it has sometimes exceeded twenty-nine seconds, two thirds, when he appears as large as Venus; yet he can always easily be distinguished from this planet by his inferior brightness. The axis of his orbit inclines to his equator twenty-eight degrees, forty-two minutes; which is five degrees, fourteen minutes more than that of our Earth; so that the inhabitants (if any) have greater variations in their days and nights than those which we have; their days being longer in summer, and their nights longer in winter.

There are four very small planets between Mars and Jupiter,—their names are Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas, —supposed by some astronomers to be the parts of a large planet which has been rent or torn asunder by an extraordinary convulsion.

The next planet is Jupiter, whose diameter is nearly ninety thousand miles. This planet is one thousand two hundred and eighty-one times larger than our Earth. He is at the amazing distance of four hundred and ninety-six millions of miles from the Sun, and four hundred and one millions of miles from the Earth, at his least distance. The diameter of his orbit is near one thousand millions of miles, and the circumference above three thousand millions. This astonishing circuit he performs in eleven years, three hundred and fifteen days, fourteen hours, of our time, at the rate of twenty-nine thousand miles an hour. "The rotation of Jupiter on his axis is performed in nine hours, fifty-six seconds; so that his year contains ten thousand four hundred and seventy days; and the diurnal velocity of his equatorial parts is greater than the swiftness with which he moves in his annual orbit; a singular circumstance, as far as we know. By this prodigiously quick rotation, his equatorial inhabitants are carried twenty-five thousand nine hundred and twenty-miles every hour, which is nine hundred and twenty miles an hour more than an inhabitant of our Earth's equator moves in twenty-four hours, besides the twenty-five thousand above-mentioned, which is common to all parts of his surface by his annual motion." Jupiter is surrounded by faint substances called belts, in which so many changes appear, that they are thought to be clouds; for some of them have been first interrupted and broken, and then have entirely disappeared. Large spots have been seen in these belts; and when a belt vanishes, the spots disappear with it.

To the naked eye, this planet appears nearly as large, though never quite so brilliant, as Venus. The light and heat it receives from the Sun are supposed to be about one twenty-seventh of those of the Earth. The orbit of Jupiter inclines one degree, eighteen minutes, forty-seven seconds to the plane of the ecliptic. The

axis of Jupiter is so nearly perpendicular to his orbit, that he has no sensible change of seasons, which is a great advantage, and wisely ordered by the Author of nature; for if the axis of this planet were inclined any considerable number of degrees, just so many degrees round each pole would in their turn be almost six of our years together in darkness. And as each degree of a great circle on Jupiter contains seven hundred and six of our miles, at a mean rate, it is easy to judge what vast tracts of land would be rendered uninhabitable by any considerable inclination of his axis. Four very little Moons are observed near Jupiter, which constantly accompany him through his mighty round. They are invisible to the naked eye; but, seen through a telescope of considerable power, they make a most interesting and beautiful appearance. The motion of Jupiter appears sometimes direct, and sometimes retrograde; whilst at other times he appears stationary. His motion is retrograde during one hundred and nineteen days, and he remains stationary four days.

PHILIP GARRETT.

YOUNG LADIES' GARLAND.

INNOCENCE.

Written for the Monthly Repository and Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

There is a charm in innocence before which strength becomes weakness and power becomes impotent. Beauty may dazzle,—but beauty without innocence never awes the bold intruder who would despoil the loveliest flower in the garden of God. The attainment of this virtue in its full perfection requires not only an irreproachable course of conduct, but also a strict guardianship over the thoughts. The thought of licentious and forbidden pleasure has power to impart a stain to female purity which, if unseen by the eye of man, throws its shadow on the heart and creates fear, distrust, and a sense of guilt in a bosom whiter than the mountain snow. The greatest blessing lent to poor humanity to remind it of Eden and Heaven, should retain its freshness and its perfection of moral beauty without those secret defections of thought which are like enemies admitted one by one at midnight into the strong hold of virtue.

Young ladies should never presume on hiding a serious defect in their principles of moral virtue. If it be known to themselves, the glance of their own eyes may betray the secret—if they feel the hidden guilt, the indescribable charm of innocence may have fled from the blooming countenance for ever, or may only linger like a frightened dove on a flowering shrub whose branches a serpent is shaking in his ascending folds.

All of the joys of earthly pleasure, that may truly bear the name of pleasure, time will scatter in the path of the virtuous from his silken wings;—all of the sorrows of departure from virtue, the grave and the sunless eternity beyond only can reveal. A ruined female is like a once beautiful star turned aside from the glorious path in which she rolled in music round the sun—now adrift and on fire, the wonder and terror of the silver-eyed constellations—the seducer only of those wayward lights that might have risen at first in the heavenward skies, but whose onward courses have been towards the blackness of darkness. A virtuous female, preserving her purity of thought, and increasing the charities and generous affections of her heart through every vicissitude and change of life, may be compared to a star that rises indeed dimly, half seen in the dusky twilight and baptized in the dewdrops of the evening—but soon putting on the spotless apparel of beauty, diffusing strange splendor through the admiring heavens, smiling on earth, yet attracted towards the kindred star of Bethlehem, and lost long before the dawn in the intense glories of a better sphere.

If woman be the ministering angel of humanity, what must she be when the heavens receive her into their unsullied realms! What must she be whom the bright immortals stoop to love while she walks through earthly bowers!

BOTANY, A BRANCH OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

(*Continued from Vol. I., page* 360.)

And such an endless variety, too, of forms, and hues, and shapes, almost as infinite as the everlasting changes of the kaleidoscope, and yet all harmonizing and blend-

ing in one splendid picture of beauty. "Some," says the pious Hervey, "are intersected with elegant *stripes*, or studded with radiant *spots*—some affect to be genteelly powdered, or neatly fringed; while others are plain in their aspect, unaffected in their dress, and content to please with a naked simplicity. Some assume the monarch's purple, but *black*, doleful black, has no admittance into the wardrobe of Spring."

But,

"Who can paint
Like Nature? Can Imagination boast
Amidst her gay creations hues like hers?" *Thomson*

What a fine picture is this from Casimir's address to the sleeping rose:

"Siderum sacros imitata vultus
Quid lates dudum rosa?" &c

"Child of the Summer, beaming rose,
No longer in confinement lie;
Arise to light—thy form disclose—
Rival the spangles of the sky.

The sun is dressed in charming smiles
To give thy beauties of the day;
Young zephyrs wait with gentle gales,
To fan thy bosom as they play."

But the mere external beauties, however rich and splendid, of the vegetable kingdom, are not all that please or charm the amateur of this science. His views of the Deity are enlarged; he sees His matchless wisdom in the formation, and His goodness in the production of every flower that blooms; and his heart expands with loftier and more ardent feelings of gratitude and adoration to Him,

"Whose breath perfumes them, and whose pencil paints."

The female who loves the study of Botany has no great relish for the wild and feverish dissipations of society; she prefers the quiet and tranquil scenes of nature, and luxuriates amidst the varied and beautiful productions of her hand.—She may be seen gliding through the walks of a garden, like the spirit of flowers, or bending over them, like a sylph hovering over a bed of roses. To her

"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew." *Milton.*

On the study of this science some judicious observations and some curious facts will be found below, from a work on "Domestic Education," with which we conclude our brief remarks:—

"In Botany, a science singularly adapted for female study, how many subjects for surprise and admiration are continually appearing. One cannot open a volume of travels, but some shrub or plant is made known to us, peculiarly adapted to the clime. Bounding our views to one object, let us see what nature has done to meet the wants of man and animals in hot countries, where the heat, by evaporating moisture, causes thirst.

"In the Brazils a cane is found, which, on being cut below a joint, dispenses a cool pleasant liquid, which instantly quenches the most burning thirst; and Prince Maximilian, when travelling in America, in 1816, quenched his thirst by drinking the water found within the leaves of the bromelia.

"Mr. Elphinstone says the water melon, one of the most juicy of fruits, is found in profusion amid the arid deserts of western Asia; and adds, "that it is really a subject of wonder to see a melon, three or four feet in circumference growing from a stock as slender as that of a common melon, in the dry sand of the desert."

"Mr. Barrow thus describes that curious vegetable, the pitcher plant:—'To the foot stalk of each leaf is attached a bag, girt round with a lid. Contrary to the usual effect this lid opens in wet dewy hours, and, when the pitcher is full, the lid closes; when this store of moisture is absorbed by the plant, the lid opens again.' Of course the thirsty traveller can take advantage of this beautiful provision of nature.

"The stapelia is a singular plant found in Africa, and from its containing water amid the severest drought, has been called the "Camel of the Desert."

YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

Written for the Monthly Repository and Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

It is a matter of high moment to a young American gentleman to reflect, as he shapes his character for life, on the model by which he would be moulded to future distinction. The republican form of our government, the omnipotence of public opinion in this country of free, unshackled mind, and the high destinies allotted to the elder republic of the western continent impose peculiar rules of formation on the rising pillars of American empire. The scholar, the jurist, the statesman, the artist, the mechanic or the cultivator of the eastern continent may not be the models for those of the new world —a world happily disenthralled and aloof from the despotism of hoary error, the accumulations of many centuries of ignorance and encroachment on social rights.

The young American must make *religion* the foundation of his character—for here, as to a refuge, the persecuted servants of God came when the green curtain of the wilderness covered the continent, and their prayers hallowed all the soil and dedicated their unborn posterity to a holier cause than that of earth. The young American should be generous—for here, as to an asylum from cruelty and the whirlpool of revolution, thousands have come, and millions must come as the old continents break up under the hammer of convulsion and melt down under the purifying fires of judgment to a fairer and holier type. He must be patient and persevering—for those who have ever breathed the tainted atmosphere of monarchy and hereditary power cannot in a moment be made to understand the nature and the full extent of our national freedom; the lessons of Washington to a young nation are often to be repeated. He must be brave—for too much has been entrusted to him to be in the keeping of a coward. To him has been committed the world's last experiment for liberty—to him belongs the helm of the republican vessel, if his skill and patriotic virtues prove him worthy to guide the ship of state through seas of passion and under the adverse storms of external war. He must be

energetic—for the men of America are self-made men, and gather no honor from birth but the broad, proud honor of citizenship in a country where not a lord nor a lordling, as such, can throw contempt over their plebeian origin.

But, as examples speak more persuadingly than precepts, we propose, in the future numbers of the Monthly Repository, to present lively and brief original sketches of American character—the characters of men who have grown up and flourished, or are now flourishing, in the midst of us, and under the genuine influence of republican institutions. Such models we need not fear to place before the mental vision of our youthful readers, and say to them, *these are the jewels of America.*

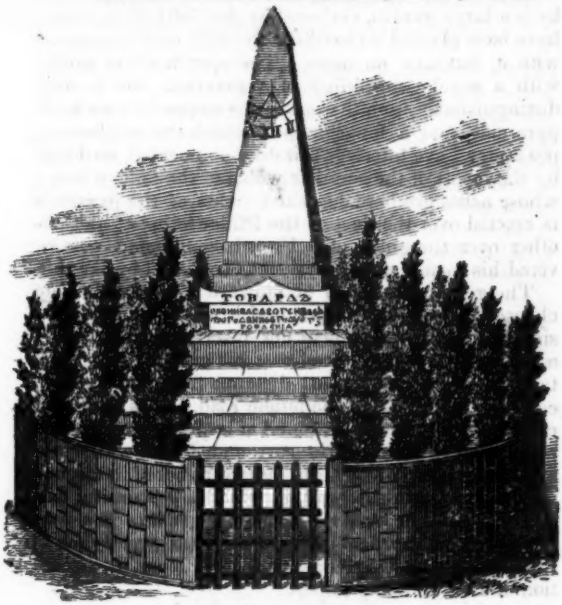
YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

As in the succession of the seasons each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course, so in human life every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth generally brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes off itself without uneasiness into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been *vanity*, its latter end can be no other than *vexation of spirit.*

DIFFERENCES.

It is remarkable that men, when they differ in any thing considerable, or which they think considerable, will be apt to differ in almost every thing else. Their differences beget contradiction. Contradiction begets heat. Heat quickly rises into resentment, rage, and ill will. Thus they differ in affections as they differ in judgment; and the contention that began in pride, ends in anger.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS—No. I.



HOWARD'S MONUMENT.

In Henderson's Biblical Researches in Russia, we find the following description of the monument, erected over the remains of HOWARD the Philanthropist.

AT the distance of five versts* to the north of Kherson, stands the original monument of the prince of Christian philanthropists, the illustrious Howard, who, after travelling fifty thousand British miles, to investigate and relieve the sufferings of humanity, fell a victim, near this place, to his unremitting exertions in this benevolent cause. It is situate a little east of the public road leading from Nikslaief to Kherson, near the southern bank of a small stream, which here diffuses a

* A verst is about one mile and a half English.

partial verdure across the steppe.* On the opposite bank are a few straggling and ruinous huts, and close by is a large garden, sheltered by fine lofty trees, which have been planted to beautify the villa once connected with it, but now no more. The spot itself is sandy, with a scanty sprinkling of vegetation, and is only distinguishable from the rest of the steppe by two brick pyramids, and a few graves in which the neighboring peasantry have interred their dead—attracted, no doubt, by the report of the singular worth of the foreign friend whose ashes are here deposited. One of the pyramids is erected over the dust of the Philanthropist, and the other over the grave of a French gentleman who revered his memory, and wished to be buried by his side.

The genuine humility of Howard prompted him to choose this sequestered spot, and it was his anxious desire that neither monument nor inscription, but simply a sun dial, should be placed over his grave. This cenotaph is erected at a short distance from the Russian cemetery, and close to the public road. It is built of a compact white freestone, found at some distance, and is about thirty feet in height, surrounded by a wall of the same stone, seven feet high, by two hundred in circumference. Within this wall, in which is a beautiful cast iron gate, a fine row of Lombardy poplars has been planted, which, when fully grown, will greatly adorn the monument. On the pedestal is a Russian inscription of the following import:

Died, Jan. 28, 1790, aged 65, HOWARD.

The sun dial is represented near the summit of the pillar, but with this remarkable circumstance—that the only divisions of time it exhibits are the hours from X to II, as if to intimate that a considerable portion of the morning of life is past, ere we enter on the discharge of its active duties, and that, with many, the performance of them is closed, even at an early hour after the meridian of their days. In a subsequent number we design to furnish the reader a brief biographical sketch of the illustrious Philanthropist.

* A steppe is a high, uncultivated plain, and for the most part, destitute of inhabitants.

DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY.

INSECT ARCHITECTURE—CADDIS-WORMS.

There is a very interesting class of grubs which live under water, where they construct for themselves moveable tents of various materials as their habits direct them, or as the substances they require can be conveniently procured. Among the materials used by these singular grubs, well known to fishermen by the name of *caddis-worms*, and to naturalists as the *larvæ* of the four-winged flies in the order *Trichoptera*, we may mention sand, stones, shells, wood, and leaves, which are skilfully joined and strongly cemented. One of these grubs forms a pretty case of leaves glued together longitudinally, but leaving an aperture sufficiently large for the inhabitant to put out its head and shoulders when it wishes to look about for food. Another employs pieces of

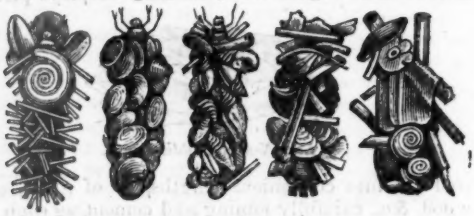
Leaf Nest of Caddis-Worm.

reed cut into convenient lengths, or of grass, straw, wood, &c., carefully joining and cementing each piece to its fellow as the work proceeds; and he frequently finishes the whole by adding a broad piece longer than

Reed Nest of Caddis-Worm.

the rest to shade his door-way over-head, so that he may not be seen from above. A more laborious structure is reared by the grub of a beautiful caddis-fly (*Phryganea*,) which weaves together a group of the leaves of aquatic plants into a roundish ball, and in the interior of this forms a cell for its abode. The following figure from Roesel will give a more precise notion of this structure than a lengthened description.

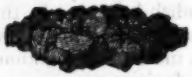
Another of these aquatic architects makes choice of the tiny shells of young fresh water mussels and snails (*Planorbis,*) to form a moveable grotto, and as these little shells are for the most part inhabited, he keeps the poor animals close prisoners, and drags them without



Shell Nest of Caddis-Worm.

mercy along with him. These grotto-building grubs are by no means uncommon in ponds; and in chalk districts.

One of the most surprising instances of their skill occurs in the structures of which small stones are the principal material. The problem is to make a tube about the width of the hollow of a wheat straw or a crow quill, and equally smooth and uniform. Now the materials being small stones full of angles and irregularities, the



Stone Nest of Caddis-Worm.

difficulty of performing this problem will appear to be considerable, if not insurmountable; yet the little architects, by patiently examining their stones and turning them round on every side, never fail to accomplish their plans. This, however, is only part of the problem, which is complicated with another condition, and which we have not found recorded by former observers, namely, that the under surface shall be flat and smooth, without any projecting angles which might impede its progress when dragged along the bottom of the rivulet where it resides. The selection of the stones, indeed, may be accounted for, from this species living in streams where, but for the weight of its house, it would to a certainty be swept away. For this purpose, it is probable that the grub makes choice of larger stones than it might otherwise want; and therefore also it is that we frequently find a case composed of very small stones and sand, to which, when nearly finished, a large stone is

Sand Nest balanced with a Stone.

added by way of ballast. In other instances, when the materials are found to possess too great specific gravity, a bit of light wood, or a hollow straw, is added to buoy up the case.

Nest of Caddis-Worm balanced with Straws.

It is worthy of remark, that the cement, used in all these cases, is superior to pozzolana* in standing water, in which it is indissoluble. The grubs themselves are also admirably adapted for their mode of life, the portion of their bodies which is always enclosed in the case, being soft like a meal-worm, or garden caterpillar, while the head and shoulders, which are for the most part projected beyond the door-way in search of food, are firm, hard, and consequently less liable to injury than the protected portion, should it chance to be exposed.

We have repeatedly tried experiments with the in-

* A cement prepared of volcanic earth or lava.

habitants of those aquatic tents, to ascertain their mode of building. We have deprived them of their little houses, and furnished them with materials for constructing new ones, watching their proceedings from their laying the first stone or shell of the structure. They work at the commencement in a very clumsy manner, attaching a great number of chips to whatever materials may be within their reach with loose threads of silk, and many of these they never use at all in their perfect building. They act, indeed, much like an unskilful workman trying his hand before committing himself upon an intended work of difficult execution. Their main intention is, however, to have abundance of materials within reach: for after their dwelling is fairly begun, they shut themselves up in it, and do not again protrude more than half of their body to procure materials; and even when they have dragged a stone, a shell, or a chip of reed within building reach, they have often to reject it as unfit.

VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES—THE CORK TREE.

The Cork Oak is not so large a tree as the common oak. There are several varieties: a broad leaved and a narrow leaved, which are evergreens; beside other varieties which shed their leaves. The broad-leaved evergreen is, however, the most common, and it is the one from which the cork of commerce is chiefly obtained. It is mentioned by Theophrastus, Pliny, and some other ancient naturalists as being well known in the days of the Greeks and Romans,—the latter of whom used it for a variety of purposes, and among the rest for the stopping of bottles. They used it for floats to their nets and fishing tackle; for buoys to their anchors; and when Camillus was sent to the Capitol, through the Tiber, during the siege by the Gauls, he had a life-preserver of cork under his dress.

The Cork Oak is indigenous, or at least abundant, in Portugal, Spain, part of the south of France, and Italy; on the opposite coast of the Mediterranean, and the Levant. Spain and Portugal supply the greater portion of the cork which is consumed in Europe. The cork

is the bark which the tree pushes outwards, as is common to all trees; but here the outer bark is of a larger quantity, and is more speedily renewed. When removed, there is a *liber*, or inner bark, below it, and from this the cork is re-produced in the course of a few years,—while the tree is said to live longer, and grow more vigorously, than if the cork were not removed. The

first time that the cork is taken off, is when the tree is about fifteen years old. That crop is thin, hard, full of fissures, and consequently of little value; and the second, which is removed about ten years after, is also of an inferior quality. After this, the operation is repeated once in eight or ten years, the produce being greater in quantity, and superior in quality, each successive time. According to Duhamel, a cork tree thus barked will live a hundred and fifty years. The months of July and August are those which are chosen for removing the cork,

The bark is cleft longitudinally, at certain intervals, down to the crown of the root, with an axe, of which the handle terminates in a wedge; and a circular incision is then made from each extremity of the longitudinal cuts. The bark is then beaten, to detach it from the *liber;* and it is lifted up by introducing the wedged handle, taking care to leave sufficient of the inner laminæ upon the wood, without which precaution the tree would certainly die. The bark being thus removed, it is divided into convient lengths; and it is then flattened, and slightly charred, to contract the pores. This substance is the rough cork of commerce; and it is thus fit to be cut into floats, stoppers, shoe-soles, and other articles of domestic use, by the manufacturer. The cork of the best quality is firm, elastic, and of a slightly red colour. Cork burned in vessels of a particular construction gives the substance called *Spanish black.*

MUSIC.

If there is a charm on earth, which, more than any other, serves to elevate the affections, to tranquilize the mind, and to enrapture the feelings, it is music. We speak of music as it should be, in its purest and most exalted sense; and not of those unhallowed strains, in the use of which music is polluted and degraded, by being made the vehicle and the stimulant of earthly and unholy passions. Music, in its best exercise, is a heavenly science, suited to the purest, the most evangelical and seraphic natures. As we look abroad into creation, we find every thing constructed on the most harmonious scale, and in many instances, melodies are continually breaking forth from the perfect works of God. The whisper of the breeze, and the roaring of the storm—the tinkling of the sea shells, as they are agitated by the regularly returning waves, and the dashing of the impetuous cataract—the song of the robin and the shriek of the eagle—all these, and a thousand other voices of animated existence, are full of melody and song. To the Poet of Nature, and the Worshipper of God, all things appear full of harmony, and seem

to be graduated to the most perfect scale of music. As a great poet has beautifully said—

> From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
> The universal scale began;
> From harmony to harmony
> Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
> The diapason closing full in Man.

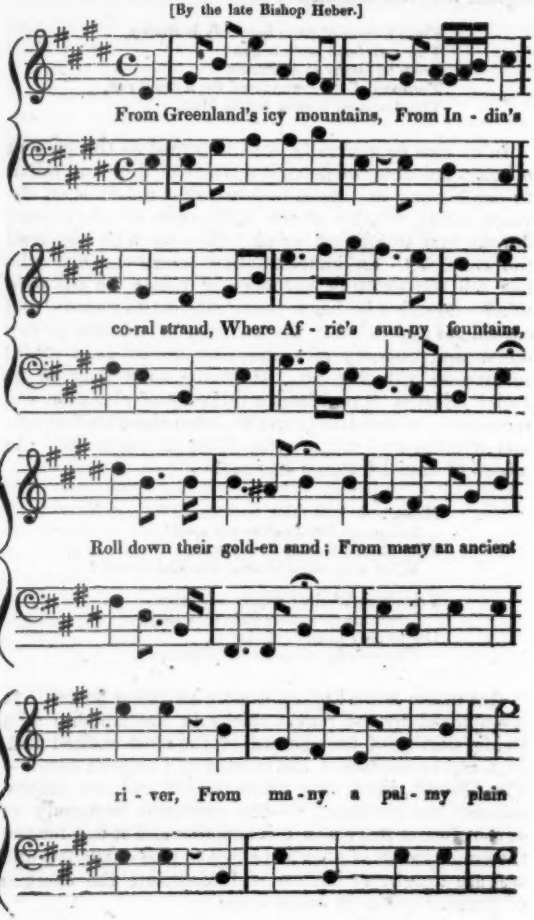
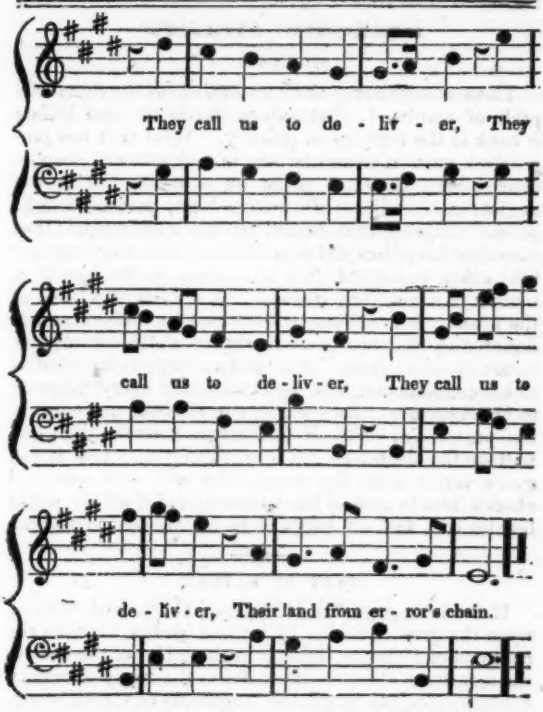
In an age so generally well informed as the present on most subjects, we deem it a waste of time and talent to employ any argument to prove that music is an elevated study, worthy of the cultivation of every pure, devout, and intelligent mind. No one who has read the Bible with an understanding heart—no one who has felt the exalting influence of music on his own mind—no one who has a heart attuned to melody, and capable of appreciating the harmony of existencies can doubt the propriety of cultivating music as a useful science—a valuable art. Referring to it only in its social relation, it possesses a property of elevation and refinement, which has power to soften obdurate feelings, and win the soul to the sympathies of gentle life. As a bard of social feelings has said—

> Music! oh, how faint, how weak,
> Language fades before thy spell!
> Why should feeling ever speak,
> When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
>
> Friendship's balmy words may feign,
> Loves are e'en more false than they;
> Oh 'tis only music's strain
> Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

But music has a higher, a more enduring power. It is employed by the purest spirits in the worship of a Being worthy of the exercise of the most exalted feelings and capacities of the human and angelic mind.—The Church, in all ages, under the old and new dispensations, has practised it—the universal testimony of devout hearts has given it a sanction and it has formed the employment of angelic beings in past existence, and we are taught to believe will constitute the exercise of purified spirits in future eternity.

The Missionary Hymn.

[By the late Bishop Heber.]


From Greenland's icy mountains, From In - dia's
co-ral strand, Where Af - ric's sun-ny fountains,
Roll down their gold-en sand; From many an ancient
ri - ver, From ma - ny a pal - my plain

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft, o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are shown;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny.

Salvation! oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

SICKNESS.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness; Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment, she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity;—and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world besides cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

STUDY OF NATURE.

If we look, says Sir Humphrey Davy, with wonder upon the great remains of human works, such as the columns of Palmyra, broken in the midst of the desert; the temples of Pæstum, beautiful in the decay of twenty centuries; or the mutilated fragments of Greek sculpture in the Acropolis of Athens, or in our own museum, as proofs of the genius of artists, and the power and riches of nations now past away; with how much deeper a feeling of admiration must we consider those grand monuments of nature which mark the revolutions of the globe; continents broken into islands; one land produced, another destroyed; the bottom of the ocean becomes a fertile soil; whole races of animals extinct, and the bones and exuviæ of one class covered with the remains of another: and upon the graves of past generations—the marble or rocky tombs, as it were of

a former animated world—new generations arising, and order and harmony established; and a system of life and beauty produced, as it were out of chaos and death, proving the infinite power, wisdom and goodness of the great Cause of all being.

ALWAYS HAPPY.

An Italian Bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in discharge of his Episcopal functions, without betraying the least impatience. One of his intimate friends, who highly admired those virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the Prelate if he could communicate the secret of being always easy?—"Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility: it consists of making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged of him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the Bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to Heaven and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred: I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus, I learn where true happiness is placed—where all our cares must end, and what little reason I have to repine or to complain."

DR. WATTS.

Dr. Watts was remarkable for vivacity in conversation, and ready wit; though he never showed a disposition for displaying it. Being one day in a coffee-room with some friends, he overheard a gentleman say, "what, is that the great Dr. Watts?" when, turning suddenly round, and in good humor, he repeated a stanza from his lyric poems, which produced silent admiration:

> Were I so tall to reach the pole,
> Or mete the ocean with my span;
> I must be measur'd by my soul,
> The mind's the standard of the man.

Dr. Watts was short in stature, being only about five feet high.

POETRY.

A MORNING HYMN.

'Tis the rich hour, when gladsome waters leaping,
Smile in the beauty of the gorgeous sky:
When golden clouds, o'er distant summits sleeping,
Like spirit-islands, bathed in glory lie;—
When to the South, to swelling gem-buds given,
Come the bland kisses of the loving air,
Burdened with balm, and wandering forth in heaven,
While sounds of brooks and birds are mingling there.

Wake! ye that slumber! and a glorious vision,
Richer than fancy to the mind can bring,
Will on the observant eye in peace have risen,
'Till gushes from the heart, Affection's spring:
For the broad sunlight, in rich floods descending,
Each hill and vale paints deep in quivering gold,
Gay light and music in one flow are blending,
Where amber clouds their graceful skirts unfold.

And while from vale to vale, like incense given,
Sounds on the breeze of morn the Sabbath bell,
The chastened soul may lift its dream to heaven
Till the rapt heart seems kindling in the spell;
While, touched with day-beams, grove, and fount and river
In the soft beauty of Contentment sleep,
How should man conquer Passion's stormy fever
And drink of peacefulness so pure and deep?

Why, when the anthems of the streams are swelling,
And the fresh blossoms odorous tribute yield:—
When gales delicious of sweet buds are telling,
That humbly blooming, bend in every field—
Why should Man's heart no pure emotions cherish—
Why should its reverence and affection die;—
When fragile birds and blossoms, born to perish,
Make glad the Chambers of the open sky!

Philadelphia, 1831. W. G. C.

THE DELUGE.—BY P. M. WETMORE.

All the fountains of the great deep were broken up and the windows of heaven were opened.—Genesis.

A doom to the fallen! The earth where they trod,
Shall be laden no longer with the scoffers of God;
He speaks! and his banner of wrath is unfurled,
And the avalanche-deluge comes down on the world

A doom to the fallen! It rides on the wind—
They look back in terror, the wave is behind;
While onward, and onward, in anguish they flee,
Still darkly sweeps onward the flash of the sea.

They trust not the valleys, hope perishes there—
But they rush to the hills with the strength of despair;
The palm trees are bended by myriads of forms,
As forests are bowed by the spirit of storms!

There's a hush of the weak, and a cry from the stronger,
And the rock and the tree are a refuge no longer;
The waters have closed in a midnight of gloom,
And sullenly roll o'er a world-peopled tomb.

'Tis morn on the wave—like a bird on its breast,
Floats the ark of the godly—a haven of rest;
A sign and a pledge to the wanderers are given,
And the promise-bow arches the blue vault of heaven.

THE SWAN.

I've seen the swan, with snow-white breast,
Sitting upon the troubled wave
Seeming as fearlessly to rest,
As though there were no storms to brave.

Her long white neck was lifted high
Above the troubled element,
While with her look of majesty,
Still on her gentle course she went.

The rude wave could not penetrate
Her shielded breast, and if a spray,
A moment on her white back sate,
It seemed a diamond in the ray
Of light, which loved to glisten there,
Making the fair bird still more fair.

So rests the Christian, when the tide
Of life is surged by sorrow's blast,
Its fiercest rage he can abide,
And calmly wait till all be past.

No storm nor angry wind he fears,
His eye is set on "things above,"
While his unwavering course he steers,
Scorning whate'er that course would move.

And if, for this world's grief, there spring
A tear into his hope-fixed eye,
'Tis but to show the visiting
Of His bright smile *that* tear can dry,
And serves to lend a moment's grace
Of radiance from his Father's face.

JOHN HOWARD.

A spirit of unwearied zeal,
Patience, which nothing could subdue,
A heart, the woes of man to feel,
In every varied form and hue;
An open hand, and eye, and ear,
For all in Prisons doom'd to pine;
A voice the Captive's hopes to cheer;—
These, noble Howard! these were thine.

In cells by Mercy's feet untrod,
'Twas thine the mourner's lot to scan;
Thy polar star, the love of God,
Thy chart and compass, love to man
To mitigate the Law's stern wrath,
Thou trod'st, with steadfast heart and eye,
"An open, unfrequented path,
To fame and immortality!"

What was *thy* meed?—A stranger's grave,
Divided from thy native land
By many a white and stormy wave,
By many a weary waste of sand
Yet to that lone and distant tomb
Thy name its memory may intrust,
Till cloudless glory burst its gloom,
And thou shalt rise to meet the just.

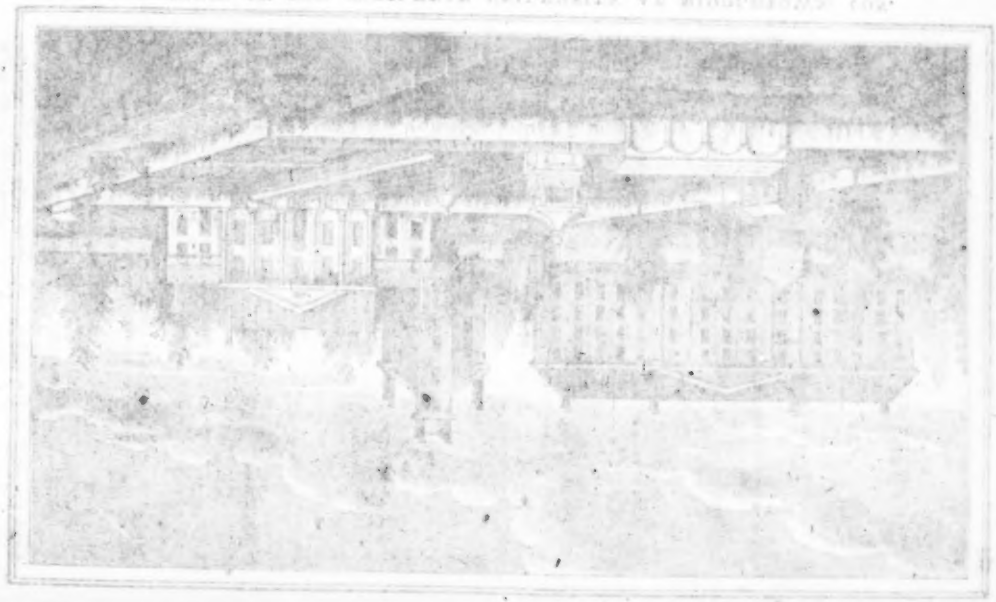
THE CALM SEA.

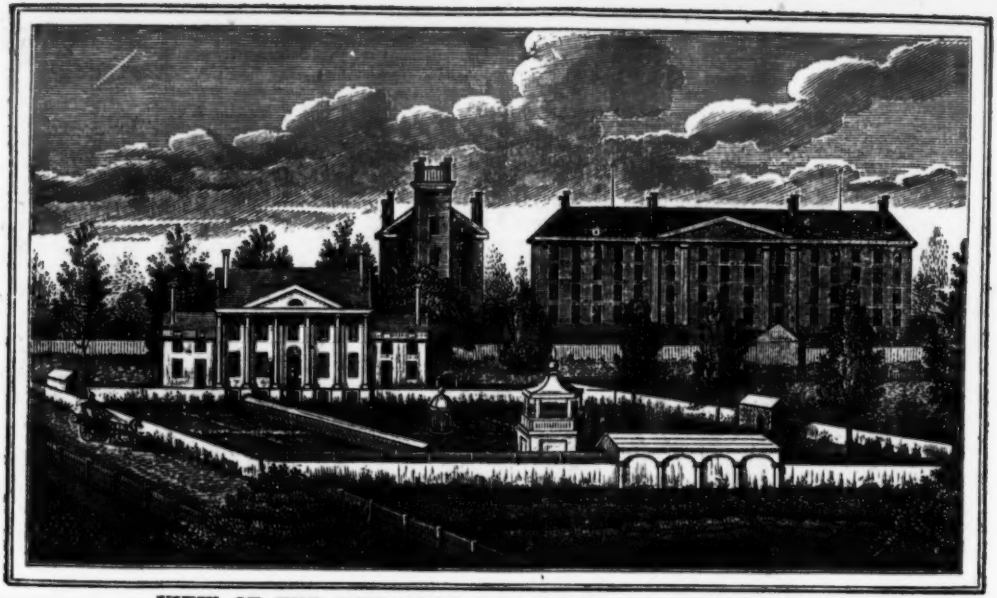
The gentle breeze that curl'd the sea had slowly died away,
And stretch'd in glassy stillness now, the wide blue waters lay,
The sea bird's cry was heard no more, and soft as infant's sleep
Was the holy calm that lay upon the bosom of the deep.

But yesterday the storm had raged, and shook the mighty ocean,
That dash'd aloft its foamy waves, and heaved in wild commotion;
To-day you might have thought no storm had ever touch'd its breast
As it lay a mighty emblem of mild majesty and rest.

Is there such calm for mortal breasts when storms have once been there,
When passion wild has swept along, and heart corroding care?
When guilt has once disturbed the soul, and mark'd it with its stain,
Can tranquil softness of the heart be ever ours again?

Yes—But it is not of this world, the peace that must be sought,
And with the soul's repentant tears it can alone be bought;
Then, as it meekly bows to kiss affliction's chastening rod,
The broken and the contrite heart shall feel the peace of God





VIEW OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY AT MIDDLETOWN, CON.